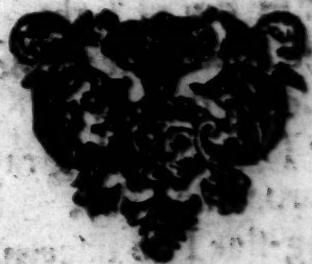


John Black
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THE
SAINT'S FAITH
IN
CHRIST;
Being the DEVOUT BREATHINGS of a
PIOUSS SOUL after the
REDEEMER.



Printed for, and sold by David Murdoch
Blind Boy at Glasgow.

(Price one Half-penny.)



A SACRED POEM, &c.

I Think I hear some pleasant sound,
Some loving breath I feel ;
I think I see some dawning light,
But do not know it well.

The storm is turn'd into a calm,
The darkness into light,
The fearful darkness of the night
Doth vanish 'out of sight.

I see the clouds withdraw themselves,
And shadows flee away,
I think I see some glancing rays
Of an approaching day.

The morning-star I do discern,
The day on high to spring,
Which to the weary dying heart
Life from the dead doth bring.
The sun doth rise with beauteous
And dazzling rays of light : (beams
Of purest light, and only meet
To follow such a night.

O but

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O but the light be sweet to them
 Whom darkness deep did hold,
 And sure it is a pleasant thing
 The sun now to behold.

O fairest Sun of righteousness !
 O radiant beauty bright !
 O glorious and wonderful !
 O everlasting light !

O amiable, sweet and fair !
 Most lovely and most pure !
 O uncreated Glory, which
 Shall evermore endure !

By thee the morning-star gives light ;
 By thee the sun doth shine ;
 ea, all the great and lesser lights
 Derive their light from Thine.

There is no need of sun nor moon,
 Nor stars therein to shine ;
 There tho' they were, they could not
 No light is light but Thine. (shine,

O loving spring of purest light,
 From Thee sweet streams do go,
 Of purest riches, deep and long,
 Out of this fountain flow ;

Which doth the dry and weary land,
 And parched ground revive ;
 Which doth the weak and fainting heart
 Restore, and it relieve.

Sure I am weak and fainting both,
 And thereby painted sore ; then
 O let me have these streams divine,
 That I may thirst no more.
 O that unto the well of life }
 I might set to my head,
 That I might drink and draw my fill,
 According to my need.
 That sweet and pleasant voice which
 Like many waters sound, (doth
 That fresh and lovely breath of thine,
 Which doth in strength abound:
 The smell of all thy garments do
 New life in them contain ;
 Which makes the dead and lifeless heart
 Arise, and live again.
 O living, loving, lovely one,
 Thy love is ravishing ;
 O height and depth, and length of love
 Which heaven doth with it bring.
 Love was Thy death, Thy love's my life
 Which broughtest life to me :
 Give me Thy love, Thy love's my all
 Unto eternity.
 My bowels for Thee earn, my soul
 For Thee doth pain sustain ;
 O do thou set me on Thy heart,
 Let me there still remain ;

That

That I may live on love at will,
 That love may me inclose;
 That I may feed upon the sweet
 Of that pure Sharon rose.
 O precious and lovely one,
 Thy love is sweet to me,
 And pow'ful upon my heart
 I do it find to be.
 O that I had my fill of love,
 I long for more of Thee;
 I love the Lord, dost thou love me?
 Can these two parted be;
 Thy powerful and mighty love
 My foward heart hath won,
 And now my soul is captive led,
 And all that's me within.
 I think all men, and devils too,
 Before thy love will bow,
 If therefore thy allurements thou
 Would'st upon them bestow.
 O fairer far than sons of men,
 Thou never fades away;
 Of beauty the perfection
 In Thee doth ever stay.
 The scatt'red beauties every one,
 Which here below we see,
 Are all thy handy-work each-one,
 By Thee ordain'd be.

That

That glorious beauty it doth shine,
 In heaven, about the throne,
 The brightness of that glory there
 Proceeds from thee alone.
 By thee the heavenly palaces
 Were beautified of old ;
 By Thee the New Jerusalem
 Looks like transparent gold.
 O glory, glory, ev'ry where,
 There many glories be ;
 Of all the glory that is there,
 The glory sure is he.
 The sun and moon shall dark'ned be ;
 The stars shall cease to shine :
 All other glories dark'ned be ;
 None lasting is but thine.
 O happy they for ever more,
 That may stand by and see
 The glories of thy countenance
 Unto eternity.
 Thy name is rightly wonderful,
 All wonders in thee be ;
 Yea only wonderful thou art,
 All wonders are in thee,
 While I at greater distance stand,
 And farther am from thee
 The favour of thy name alone
 Is pleasant unto me.

(7)

No aloes, myrrh, nor cassia,
Nor any spices are,
Nor yet the fragrant Lebanon,
Of such a scent by far.
Thou art the high and lofty one,
Above the earth and heav'n,
And unto thee all power above
In heav'n and earth is giv'n.
O'er all the earth's inhabitants,
Unto the utmost end,
And o'er the angels glorious,
His power doth forth extend.
Both life and death are in his hand,
The keys of hell are his ;
And as the highest king of kings,
The crown of heav'n he wears.
Of all the height and depth of grace,
That's in the fountain full,
He hath the power to dispose,
According to his will ;
The light of the eternal life,
Out of the fountain pure,
Of pardon, peace, and holiness,
For ever to endure.
The fullness of the father doth
In him for ever dwell ;
He of th' eternal Father is
The Son to equal all.

The

(8)

The ministers of flaming fire,
Who soon began his praise,
When he first by his mighty hand
The morning-star did raise ;
The Cherubims and Seraphims,
Ye who by-standers be,
In times beginning, when that ye
The new made heav'ns did see ;
Long have ye look'd with wondering,
And yet ye looking be,
And yet your highest thoughts of him
With folly charged be.
Sure I of that mysterious one
Do speak but stammeringly,
And by my want of knowledge, there
Is darkness unto me.
But when I come unto that place
Of glory, I shall be
Fill'd with the knowledge of the God
Of glorious majesty ;
And see his face for evermore,
And be of sin made free,
And fill'd with glory, joy, and love,
To all eternity.

F I N I S.

